

# Tracy Bonham, Fake It

Headache. The girl she says she's got a headache  
What she needs is just a handshake  
Squeezing out all of the bad excuses she can make  
Mornings. There will be some ugly mornings  
But at least I'll know what love means  
Love that lets me be as human as can be  
I don't have to fake it  
I don't have to lead you on  
I'm as real as they come  
And I don't see how some women put you on  
Fakers. With your lipo and your lipstick  
You make it easy for a real chick  
To see the horror pouring out from your ruby lips  
Perfect. I thank god that i'm not perfect  
I happen to like all my defects  
But my TV don't agree, and I don't give a shit  
I won't have to fake it  
I won't have to put you on  
I'm as real as they come  
And I don't see how some women lead you on  
I won't have to fake it  
I won't have to put you on  
And i don't like the way that i'm put on display  
For your sorry eyes sorry eyes  
Here comes the real one  
Here comes the real one  
Here comes the real one  
Here comes the. . .  
Here comes the. . .  
I don't have to fake it  
I don't have to put you on  
I'm as real as they come  
And i don't see how some women lead you on  
I don't have to fake it  
I won't have to lead you on  
And I don't understand why would a man  
Want a circus clown